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THE INVALID STRANGER.

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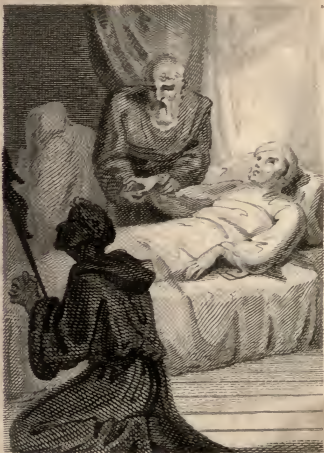
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INVALID STRANGER

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INVALID STRANGER.

AMANTOR AND EMMA.

DON SALVADOR.

JACK EASY.

THEODORE COURTNEY.



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WILLIAM STEPHENS.

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WILLIAM STEPHENS.

INVALID STRANGER.

"I might call him

"A thing divine; for nothing natural

"I ever saw so noble."

SHAKSPEARE

"ON arriving at the cottage, I found him for whom my assistance had been entreated, in bed. It is needless for me to describe to you his person, for you have already beheld it; suffice it to remark, that to have judged from his countenance at that time, you would scarcely have supposed him to have lived a third of those years with the appearance of which corroding grief has now marked his features; I approached the bed, and as I stood gazing upon him, I beheld the wildness of phrensy in his eye; and on taking his hand, which was extended on the outside of the bed, into mine, the heat of a burning fever met my touch.

"Another brother of our monastery, named Austin, who was skilled in the art of physic, had accompanied me; he examined the symptoms of the sick man, and declared to me, that his patient was more ill in mind than in body. After a time, he fixed his eyes upon us, and sent forth a groan of the most afflicting nature. 'Where

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is your pain?" asked Austin. "In my heart, and in my head," replied the stranger; by which answer he confirmed the opinion that father Austin had formed of his case.

"I knelt by the side of his bed at the request of the female who had summoned us to the cottage, and began to pray; he heard me with attention through one prayer, and then said, 'I have not offended heaven; I have no forgiveness to pray for; I am nevertheless ever ready to pay it my devotion.—Go on, go on, if you please,' he added, after a pause.

"I continued reading to him for nearly half an hour; he appeared to gain composure from my words, and, as I rose from my knees, with a second groan he sunk back upon his pillow, and closed his eyes.

"Oh, mercy, mercy, holy Jesus!" cried the old dame, "he is expiring!"

"Father Austin explained to her that no evil of that nature was to be apprehended; that his malady was upon his mind; and that sorrow was a disorder, which, although it wear the spirit of life to its extremity, is still slow in the progress to the devastation which it makes.

"His griefs are of a mighty, of an unparalleled nature," she returned.

"Who is the gentleman?" I asked.

"His name," she replied, "is Glencowell."

"A Welch name," I returned.

"I believe it is," she said.

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“ ‘ And his history ? ’ rejoined father Austin.

“ ‘ That you will never know from me,’ she answered, ‘ nor from him, I dare venture to affirm ; however, from me, I am certain you never will : he has sworn me to secrecy ; though he need not have done that to insure him the fidelity of old dame Frances ; but I have lived to see that men may be driven by the weight of calamity to distrust their firmest friends.’

“ ‘ I understood you that your friend had an only child with him,’ said I, ‘ but I suppose I was mistaken.’

“ ‘ No, you were not,’ she replied ; ‘ sweet babe ! in yonder crib sleeps a little angel, who has never yet seen a Christmas morn.’

“ Glencowell overheard our conversation, and exclaimed, ‘ Protect, protect her Heaven ; shield her from vice ; remove her from evil temptation ! ’

“ ‘ Amen, amen,’ sighed out dame Frances, and went and placed herself upon a stool by the side of the crib.

“ Having passed nearly two hours at the cottage, and finding that repose was the only beneficial medicine which could be administered to him whom we had been called to visit, father Austin promised to provide him with some drops, for the purpose of composing his mind ; and learning that he did not wish us to prolong our stay, we departed, taking with us the fisherman to bring

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back the medicine to his lodger. In our way to the monastery, he related to us such particulars as he was acquainted with concerning his guests; he said, 'That having been on the preceding day to a market town in the neighbourhood, to sell some fish, as he was returning home towards evening, along a solitary road which led away from the hamlet of St. Michael to a sequestered spot where his cottage stood at some distance from the margin of the cliffs, he overtook a man who was leading a horse, upon which sat a woman, supporting in her arms an infant.

"The light was just sufficient for him to distinguish objects, but not features; and he would have passed by them without speaking, had not the man called out to him, inquiring, Whether there was any house near at hand, where he could procure refreshment and a lodging?

"I replied to this inquiry in the negative,' continued the fisherman. 'Great God! what will become of us?' exclaimed the man, on receiving this information. 'I am myself too ill to be able to proceed further to-night; my aged companion is sinking under fatigue, and my poor babe—.' His utterance became suddenly checked, as it appeared by his tears.

"The wind was blowing sharply from the north, the rain and sleet were falling mingled from the sky, and driving in large

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sheets along the air; the infant was shrieking with the smart which it experienced from the cold; it was a scene that went to my very heart; and explaining to the man that my dwelling was one of the humblest of lowly roofs, I added, that if it would be any relief to him to pass the night in such shelter as it was capable of affording him, he should receive at it a humane reception.

“ ‘What are the great,’ he exclaimed, ‘in comparison to thee? How much nearer art thou allied to Heaven in that feeling which thou displayest for my wretched situation?’ ”

“ ‘I conducted them to my cot; and no sooner had they entered it, than it appeared as if the strength of the man had been measured to the journey he had been destined to perform, for he sunk upon a bed and lay gasping for breath, while the tears rolled down his quivering cheeks.

“ ‘They had with them no change of garments, and whilst my wife furnished the old woman and child with a change of apparel from her course wardrobe, I bestowed the gentleman’s steed in a hut adjoining to my cottage, and immediately returned to administer to the relief of its master.

“ ‘As comfortable a meal as it was in our power to provide, we served up to them; but repose was the refreshment of which they stood most in need; and having insisted on their occupying the only two beds of which we were possessed, we made up a straw

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pallet for ourselves in the outer room of our dwelling.

“ ‘ This morning we found the gentleman by far the least amended of the three, by the repose of the night ; the whole day he has refused all substantial nourishment ; and towards the evening his fever ran so high, that dame Frances judged it necessary to intreat from the brotherhood of your monastery, assistance both for his body and his soul ; on which errand to your holy mansion she insisted on accompanying me ; fearful, as it seemed, of her request not being attended to, if she did not make it in person.’

“ This was all that the benevolent fisherman knew of his guests. Father Austin detained him but a few minutes at the monastery, and dispatched him back with the medicine, and instructions in what manner to administer it to the patient.

“ In the course of the following day, father Austin and myself again visited the stranger ; we found him sitting up in bed, and contemplating his infant daughter, whom he held in his arms. He did not appear to notice us on our first entrance, and we heard him say, ‘ For thy sake, sweet bud of innocence, I have made a vow to Heaven to live out the portion of life it hath allotted to me ; my vow is therefore incomplete, if I do not exert myself to fight against this destroying grief which swells my heart.’

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“ He paused, and we addressed him, inquiring after his health.

“ ‘It is as well as it probably ever will be,’ he replied; ‘I am glad you are come, fathers—I thank you for your attendance last night; for I think I recognise in your persons the same holy men who then visited me; I beseech you, let me have your prayers for the endowment of my mind with patient suffering.’

“ We immediately complied with his request, and dame Frances joined fervently in our devotions.

“ We continued regularly to visit him twice every day, and perceived that he struggled effectually, according to the promise which we had overheard him make to his unconscious child, to subdue that poignancy of sorrow, which, if indulged, must have led to a hasty termination of his existence.

“ On the sixth day we found him risen from his bed, and his countenance less distorted by the writhings of affliction than we had yet beheld it; having conversed with him, he requested us to join with him in a prayer which he had been composing; we complied with his petition, and the lines on which he laid the greatest stress, contained these words, and were thrice repeated in the course of the prayer, ‘Lead the guilty to repentance, and preserve the innocent from temptation.’

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"These very words I heard him last night pronounce at the altar," said Reginald, interrupting father Benedict in his narrative; "have you ever discovered to whom they refer?"

"Never," replied the father, "he has so closely concealed from every one his history, just as dame Frances informed us he would do, that I have not been able to form any idea who are the guilty for whose repentance he never omits to pray; it appears most likely that it is for the preservation of his daughter from temptation, that he petitions Heaven; indeed I have little doubt of it, from the tender regard with which he viewed her the first time I ever heard him repeat the prayer of which these words form a part."

"I beg your pardon for having interrupted you in your relation," said Reginald, "pray proceed."

"It is nearly concluded," returned the abbot; "on the seventh day after Glen-cowell's arrival at the fisherman's cot, he requested to walk with us near the sea for the refreshment of the air; and in the course of our stroll, he informed us, that having experienced a misfortune of a very severe and domestic nature, it had once been his intention to quit England for ever; and for this purpose he had been approaching towards the coast when encountered by the poor fisherman to whose humanity he consi-

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dered his child to owe the preservation of her existence ; but that judging it possible for him to live as much retired from observation on the spot where he now was, as he could do in any foreign country, he had changed his intention, and wished to procure some small, but comfortable dwelling, in the vicinity of our monastery. ‘My wish,’ said he, ‘of being able to settle my residence at a short distance from your holy mansion, arises, not from any desire of maintaining an intercourse with your brotherhood, for my powers of companionship are all dead within me, and I am but as a vegetable in the society of men ; but because I shall derive a satisfaction from attending divine service in your chapel ; for which indulgence I shall crave permission of your abbot ; and it is almost the only request of which a refusal could give me pain.’

“Before we parted from him, he commissioned us to make application for him to this effect to our abbot ; who judged it becoming in him to grant his request ; and from that time he has been a constant attendant upon the morning and evening service of our house. Some difficulty for a length of time attended the procuring him a habitation of the nature he wished to find ; but at last we placed him in the one before which you yesterday evening beheld him and his daughter sitting. He rewarded the humanity of the fisherman in the most liberal

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manner; and he appears possessed of the means of procuring for himself and his child every comfort; although it is equally a secret whence these means proceed, as is the cause which drove him from the world to the retirement he now lives in. I have however been able to gather one most satisfactory conclusion from the general tenor of his conduct; which is, that the pangs of grief with which he is even now not unfrequently racked almost to phrensy, proceed not from the remorse of any guilty action he has himself committed, but from the recollection of some cruel injustice which he has received at the hands of others. Who they are, Heaven and himself alone know. I have accidentally heard him drop expressions which have appeared to hint that his wrongs have flowed from those either high in power or affluence; for with the possessors of these qualities, with the severity natural to those who have been sufferers at their hands, he constantly couples the epithets of tyrants and oppressors."

"O, why will not the great display themselves truly pre-eminent in their pursuit of virtue!" exclaimed Reginald; "but we need not an afflicted Glencowell to tell us that they use their power to shield their vicious inclinations from punishment; and to lash those actions, as crimes in their inferiors, which it is an offence against their

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dignity for others to consider even as errors in themselves."

"Cease, cease, my son, revert not to that which you must for your own happiness endeavour to obliterate from your memory; for the wounds which injustice inflicts, Heaven has always a balm in store; no more, no more of this; you feed discontent by dwelling on the causes from whence it arises," answered father Benedict.

"Had I endured my wrongs from any man but a father!" said Reginald—the signal for dinner was now sounded, which constrained them to break off their conversation and enter the refectory.



AMANTOR AND EMMA.

AMANTOR was a youth whose beauty and sweetness of disposition made him admired and beloved by all who knew him. He seemed to be of a superior race of beings to the rest of the inhabitants of the village. His dutiful behaviour and refined piety frequently drew tears of joy from his affectionate parents, who were worthy, honest people. Their habitation was a humble cottage, rather detached from the rest of the village. It was situated on the side of a hill adorned with a fine hanging wood, where a variety of birds, pouring forth the melody of their little throats, charmed the ear with a most delightful concert, while a clear stream, gliding in murmurs at the bottom of the hill, completed a most romantic pleasing scene. On the other side of the brook were fertile meadows, whose rich pasturage furnished the lowing herds with milk, and fattened the innocent sheep.

When each of the rural inhabitants had finished the labours of the day, they amused themselves with cultivating their little garden, or the old people sat down on their grassy seat, over which hung, in sweet irregularity, a flaunting woodbine, to listen to

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their son, who, trilling his artless notes upon a shepherd's pipe, made the wood re-echo with the sound; after which having eat their homely meal, which the labour of the day made them relish, they gratefully praised their great Author and Preserver, and retired to rest. Sleep, though oft a stranger in palaces, seldom fails to attend the humble cottager, who, when thus refreshed from the labours of yesterday, rises with fresh vigour to those of to-day. So passed the time of this virtuous pair and their amiable son; but their recluse way of life did not secure them from afflictions: no; they had had them, and severe ones too.

They lost, when at an engaging age, a charming daughter. Emma (the name of the little innocent), when her father and mother were busily employed, said, "I will go to my brother, and hear him play upon his pipe while he keeps his sheep." "Do," said the affectionate mother; "Amantor will take care of you." Away tripped the charming Emma, all mirth and gaiety, and her unsuspecting parent continued her employment.

Amantor returned in the evening, and as he entered the cottage, said, "Where is my sister? I have brought her a bird."

"Heaven!" exclaimed the astonished parents, "protect my child! Have you not seen her? She left us this morning to go, she said, to you!"

"Oh! I have not seen her!" said the

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afflicted Amantor, bursting into tears. They then looked in vain for her in the wood, in the meadows, and in the village, but no Emma could they find. They then concluded she must have fallen into the brook and been drowned.

The afflicted parents refused all consolation, till the lenient hand of time, and christian resignation to the will of the Most High, alleviated their griefs.

Amantor was now eighteen; benevolence beamed in his fine blue eyes, and when he spoke the graces danced upon his lips, the rose and lily decked his cheeks, and his fine flaxen hair hung negligently down his back, in the most graceful ringlets. He was one afternoon going through the wood in search of a lamb that had left his flock, and he heard the voice of two females, who seemed as if they had lost their way. He turned, and saw two of the most beautiful nymphs eyes ever beheld. A native grace sat fair proportioned on their polished limbs. Their dresses were white muslins, loose and flowing, but tied up on the sides with pink ribbons. They wore on their heads wreaths of flowers, and straw hats carelessly stuck on one side. The elegant simplicity of their dress, and the sweetness that appeared in their countenances, could not fail to fill the young shepherd, who had never before seen such accomplished loveliness, with surprise and admiration; nor were the two young fe-

AMANTOR AND EMMA.

males less surprised at seeing the beautiful Amantor.

One of the lasses, who seemed to be the eldest, approached Amantor, and said,—“Young shepherd, the sweetness of your looks has dissipated the uneasiness I should otherwise have felt at thus addressing a stranger. That young lady and myself strolled out to enjoy the sweetness of the evening, and coming too far into this wood, we have lost our way, and may we hope you will show us into a path that will conduct us home. My father lives at a mansion-house, about, I believe, two miles from this place, and he will, I am sure, reward your care and civility.”

“I shall think myself sufficiently rewarded in relieving you, ladies, from your uneasiness,” said Amantor; “but I fear it is now too late, and you are too much tired to think of returning home to-night. My father and mother live in a cottage at the bottom of this hill, and there you will, I am sure, be welcome to the best bed and repast our homely condition will afford.”

By this time the other young lady had reached them. Amantor looked at her with attention; he felt unusual delight, and his bosom glowed with the most pleasing sensations. He conducted them to the cottage, where they were received by the old man and woman with the greatest hospitality. They were much delighted with the situation

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of the place. "I could with pleasure leave the gay world," said one of the young ladies, "and retire to this cottage. I think one could not fail to be happy."

"Alas!" said the old man, "you are yet too young to know the misfortunes that attend this life."

"True," replied the young lady; "but in this peaceful habitation, and with such a son as yours, your days must pass serene and unclouded."—Amantor bowed.

"My son is, indeed, a blessing," said the old man; "but we had once a daughter!"

"And where is she?" interrupted the young lady. He then described his daughter, and the fatal accident that they thought had deprived them of her, and then added—"I shall never see my Emma more!"

"Forbid it, Heaven!" said the young lady, who had listened with great attention, springing up, and throwing her arms around his neck, "In me, behold your Emma—your child—your ever-dutiful daughter!"

Words cannot paint the joy of this truly happy family!—Amantor now accounted for the sensations he felt, at seeing her. But far different were those he felt for the charming Matilda!

After the first effusions of joy were over, they begged to know by what accident they had met with her.

"My father and myself," said Matilda, "were walking one evening, and we saw a

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sweet young girl sitting crying upon a bank of flowers. The tears that trickled down her infant cheeks excited both our pity and attention. We asked her what she cried for? She replied she could not find her way home. We then asked who was her father and mother? She said she could not tell.—Finding she was not likely to inform us where we might return her to her parents, my father resolved to take her home, and as I have no sisters, we have been educated together, and loved each other as such." The old man and woman were much rejoiced at this account.—After partaking of a rural repast, the cottagers and their guests retired to rest.

Amantor, for the first time in his life, was prevented from sleeping by the impression the beautiful young woman had made upon his heart, nor was Matilda less pleased with Amantor. The next morning the young ladies, and their guide Amantor, walked to the mansion, where they were received with no small pleasure, by Matilda's father, and her brother Edwin. They were both surprised and rejoiced at the adventure of the preceeding evening, and begged Amantor would make some stay with them.

During Amantor's visit, Matilda's charms operated so powerfully, that, one day as they were walking, he ventured to disclose his passion, and was happy to find that Matilda returned it with equal fervour.

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As soon as she had an opportunity, she flew to Emma to tell her; but how surprised was she to find her brother Edwin had been telling the same tender tale to Emma, who had listened to it with equal attention and pleasure. Edwin then mentioned the affair to his father, who, far from making objections to Amantor and Emma's want of fortune, said, "Their virtue is sufficient riches, and they are indeed worthy my Edwin and Matilda."

He then proposed that they should live in his mansion, to which they readily agreed. After this he made the old man and woman a present, which enabled them to pass the rest of their days without labour. Some time after the young couples were united, who flourished long in tender bliss, and raised a numerous offspring, lovely like themselves, and good, the grace of all the country round.



DON SALVADOR.

ARTFUL and designing men, while they seek to supplant and ruin others, often bring on themselves the mischief designed for innocent individuals.

In one of the most pleasant and fertile of the provinces of Spain, lived Don Salvador, a nobleman of considerable fortune, whose sense, candour, and generosity, rendered him admired and esteemed by all who knew him. He had never married, but had taken to reside with him, as his adopted son, a nephew of his, named Don Casamiccio, who was of a disposition not a little different from that of his uncle. He was suspicious, timid and selfish. Perpetually tormented with the jealousy of being rivalled in his uncle's favour, and thus losing the wealth he expected from him, he became more or less the foe of every person whom Don Salvador appeared disposed to treat with attention and regard.

Among the domestics of the family, was a young female, remarkable for her wit and vivacity; and who, by her industry and excellent qualities, had acquired the good-will of all her fellow-servants, and even the notice and praise of her master, Don Salva-

DON SALVADOR.

dor. His commendation soon awakened the jealousy of Casamiccio, who immediately endeavoured, by every art and falsehood, to prejudice his unele against the innocent Rosella, who, he feared, might acquire a too great portion of his esteem. In these attempts he was sometimes not a little disconcerted by the inquiry, if any was made, into his false suggestions, terminating in favour of the persons accused; for his address was by no means equal to his suspicious malignity.

Don Salvador, however, perceiving how much his nephew appeared to be prejudiced against this girl, one day, when Don Casamiccio had been again suggesting, by insinuation, some new charge against her, sent for her in his presence.

“Rosella, I cannot say that I have myself perceived any thing in you deserving blame: whenever I made inquiry into any of your supposed faults or errors, I have found the insinuation founded in mistake.—It appears to me necessary for the quiet of myself and family, that you should leave me. You shall go; but you may rely on my recommendation and support wherever you go.”

The poor girl was confounded. She loudly and honestly lamented being compelled to leave so good a master, in consequence of the meanest jealousies.

“Yes,” exclaimed she at length, “my dear deceased mother, you told me the truth—you told me I had been deserted by my fa-

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ther, and must prepare myself for misfortune and disappointment. I have repeatedly experienced the truth of your words. I treasure your instruction in my heart, as I do your image in my bosom."

She here drew forth a miniature-picture from her bosom, and kissed it with ardour. Don Salvador was much affected by her manner, and advanced towards her. He looked on the picture, and recognised it to be the portait of one with whom, in his youth, he had formed the tenderest of connections while in Mexico, who had brought him a daughter, and from whom he had been abruptly separated, by being obliged to return to Europe, without being able to discover her.—On further inquiry he was convinced that Rosella was his daughter. He made her the mistress of his house; and his nephew thus lost his favour and his fortune, through the mean arts by which he endeavoured to preserve them.



JACK EASY.

"But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
"To Fortune, or be said to droop,
"Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
"And sayings of philosophers."

AMONG the happy people in the world, are those, in whose minds nature or philosophy has placed a kind of acid, with which care or disappointment will not easily mix.

This acid differs very much from ill-nature; it is rather a kind of salt, expressed from frequent observations on the folly, the vanity, and the uncertainty of human events; from that best of all philosophy, which teaches us to take men as we find them, and circumstances as they occur, good or bad, for better or for worse; that dwells not on future prospects, reflects not on past troubles, and cares not a fig for present difficulties, but dexterously turns them to ridicule or advantage; snatching, at every opportunity, accidental pleasures, and nobly bearing up against the rubs of ill-fortune.

When reflections upon the troubles of life are mixed up in a disposition naturally ill-tempered, they compose what is called melancholy; but as they have no chemical affinity with good humour, they will not easily

JACK EASY.

combine ; and the small particles that are miscible, produce only the sweet and acid salt of true philosophy.

Such a traveller, in his journey through the world, was my honest friend Jack Easy. Jack came to a good fortune at the death of his father, and mounted his hobby without its ever having been properly broken in ; he galloped over the plains of Fancy, went off in a full canter to the road of Dissipation, and leaped over all the five-barred gates of Advice and Discretion. It may naturally be supposed, that before long his filly gave him a fall : poor Jack came down sure enough ; but he only shook himself, brushed off the dirt of the road, and mounted again in as high spirits as ever ; excepting, that he now began to sit firmer in the saddle, and to look about him : this, however, did not hinder him from getting into a swamp, called a law-suit, where he remained a considerable time before he could get out : his fortune was now reduced from some thousands to a few hundreds ; and by this time, no man better knew the way of life than my friend Jack Easy. He had been through all the dirty cross-roads of business, money-borrowing, bankruptcy, and law ; and at last arrived at a goal.

My friend Jack did not despond ; he consoled himself with the reflection that he was a single man ; some of his misfortunes were the consequences of his own imprudence,

JACK EASY.

others of unforeseen accidents, and most of them originated from his good-nature and generosity. He, however, never excused; he lumped them all together, took them in good part, and blamed nobody but himself; he whistled away his troubles, and often repeated,

“I am out of Fortune’s power:
“He who is down can sink no lower.”

The goddess, however, at last put on her best smiles, and paid Jack a visit in the King’s-Bench, in the shape of a handsome legacy. Jack smiled at the thing, being, as he called it, so extremely *a-propos*! and once more mounted his nag. He now rode more cautiously, and turned into the road of Economy, which led to a comfortable inn with the sign of Competency over the door; he had borrowed a martingale from an old hostler called Experience; and for the first time in his life used a curb. He began already to find, that though he did not gallop away as formerly, yet he went on in his journey pleasantly enough. Some dashing riders passed him, laughing at his jog-trot pace; but he had no occasion to envy them long; for presently some of them got into ruts, others were stuck fast in bogs and quagmires, and the rest were thrown from their saddles to the great danger of their necks. Jack Easy, meanwhile, jogged on merrily; hot or cold, wet or dry, he never complained;

JACK EASY.

he now preferred getting off, and opening a gate, to leaping over it; and smiled at an obstacle as at a turnpike, where he must necessarily pay toll.

The man who is contented either to walk, trot, or canter through life, has by much the advantage of his fellow-travellers. He suits himself to all paces, and seldom quarrels with the tricks which the jade Fortune is sometimes disposed to play him. You might now see Jack Easy walking his hobby along the road, enjoying the scene around him, with contentment sparkling in his eyes. If the way happened to be crowded with horsemen and carriages, you might observe him very readily taking his own side of the road, and letting them pass. If it began to rain or blow, Jack only pulled up the collar of his great-coat, flapped his hat, and retreated to the best shelter he could find till the storm was over.

Thus my friend Jack Easy came in with a jog-trot to the end of his journey, leaving his example behind him as a kind of finger-post for the good of other travellers.

THEODORE COURTNEY.

MR. and Miss Courtney were the son and daughter of a gentleman who possessed a considerable landed estate in the north of England, but who, from indulging in a style of living rather too expensive, had encumbered it with mortgages to such an amount as to diminish the actual income he derived from it nearly one half. At his death the estate descended to his son, Mr. Theodore Courtney; and as he had left no will, and made no provision for his daughter, Miss Isabella Courtney, her whole fortune consisted only of two thousand pounds, which had been left her by an aunt.

Mr. Theodore Courtney was a man who especially valued himself on being related to the younger branch of an ancient and noble family. He was continually recounting the illustrious achievements of his distant relatives in the days of chivalry, of the merit and honour of which he assumed a great portion to himself, because, as he said, some of their blood flowed in his veins.—This pride induced him to incur many ostentatious expences, which, though they afforded him no real satisfaction, contributed still more to embarrass his finances; and as, when

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his money began to fail, the antiquity of his family could not protect him from experiencing many slights and acts of rudeness, in fact, little short of insult—his temper, which was naturally highly irritable and choleric, became gradually so soured and fretful, that he was almost continually engaged in quarrels.

But if pride, passion, and ill-humour were the fruits of the ancient family-blood in Mr. Courtney, it must be confessed that his sister, the amiable Isabella, had very little indeed of that blood. As a proof of this, it may be observed that she lived with her brother, which scarcely any other person could have endured to do: she accommodated herself to all his whims, bore with all his freaks, and endeavoured to soothe him to the utmost of her power in his sudden gusts of passion, for all which goodness of nature he returned her a most cordial contempt, for her want of spirit.

They lived together in this manner about two years, when an event happened which terminated in their final separation. Miss Courtney received the addresses of a Mr. Merton, a young gentleman of good property and of excellent character. But his property was employed in trade, and Mr. Courtney took it into his head that for him to become in any manner allied to a person engaged in trade, would injure the purity of his blood, counterbalance all the ho-

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nour he derived from the valorous achievements of the gallant knights of ancient times, and fix an indelible stigma on the whole family. He accordingly, one afternoon, while they were in the garden together, took an opportunity to ask his sister what might be the nature of the intimacy she had lately contracted with Mr. Merton. She informed him with the utmost frankness; and at the same time declared, with the same candour and sincerity, that her lover not only had the approbation of her heart, but that, in a prudential view, she thought his proposal advantageous.

This was sufficient to rouse the irascibility and pride of her brother. He burst out into a torrent of abuse, both of his sister and her lover. She expostulated, but to little purpose; she represented the smallness of her own fortune, compared with the extensive property and gains of Mr. Merton; she reminded her brother of the situation of his own affairs, which were daily becoming more and more involved, and ventured to throw out a few sarcasms on the absurd union of pride and poverty. All this, however, was so far from convincing her brother, or inducing him to retract, that it, in fact, irritated him to a kind of frenzy. He ordered her immediately to leave his house, since she was resolved thus to disgrace herself and her family; told her never to expect that he should acknowledge her

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as a sister again ; and declared that he considered all the ties of consanguinity between them as dissolved.

As it was in vain to attempt any further reasoning with him, Isabella obeyed. She immediately removed to a small house which she hired at a little distance, and soon after was united in marriage to Mr. Merton, who proved to her a most affectionate husband. His commercial speculations were eminently successful, and he became one of the richest and most respectable merchants in the trading town in which he resided.

In the mean time Mr. Courtney continued to indulge his natural irritability of temper, his pride, and his ill-nature, which grew more insupportable to all around him from day to day. He was almost continually embroiled in quarrels, which frequently involved him in law-suits, and sometimes engaged him in duels. In one of the latter he received so severe a wound, that his life could only be saved by the amputation of an arm. The expences he incurred in frivolous and vexatious law-suits, which were commonly determined against him, and his ostentatious and profuse mode of living, at last reduced him so low, that the law concluded its operations, by giving his creditors possession of his estate. In this degraded situation, when nothing remained to him but his pride and his irritable disposition, Mr. Merton and his amiable lady forgot not that he was their

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brother. Mr. Merton made him a present of a small but convenient house to reside in, and settled on him an annuity sufficient to secure him from want, though not to gratify his former love for ostentation. Thus the man whom he had despised as disgracing him by his relationship, at last proved the only support he had to prevent him from sinking into the lowest indigence and wretchedness.



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